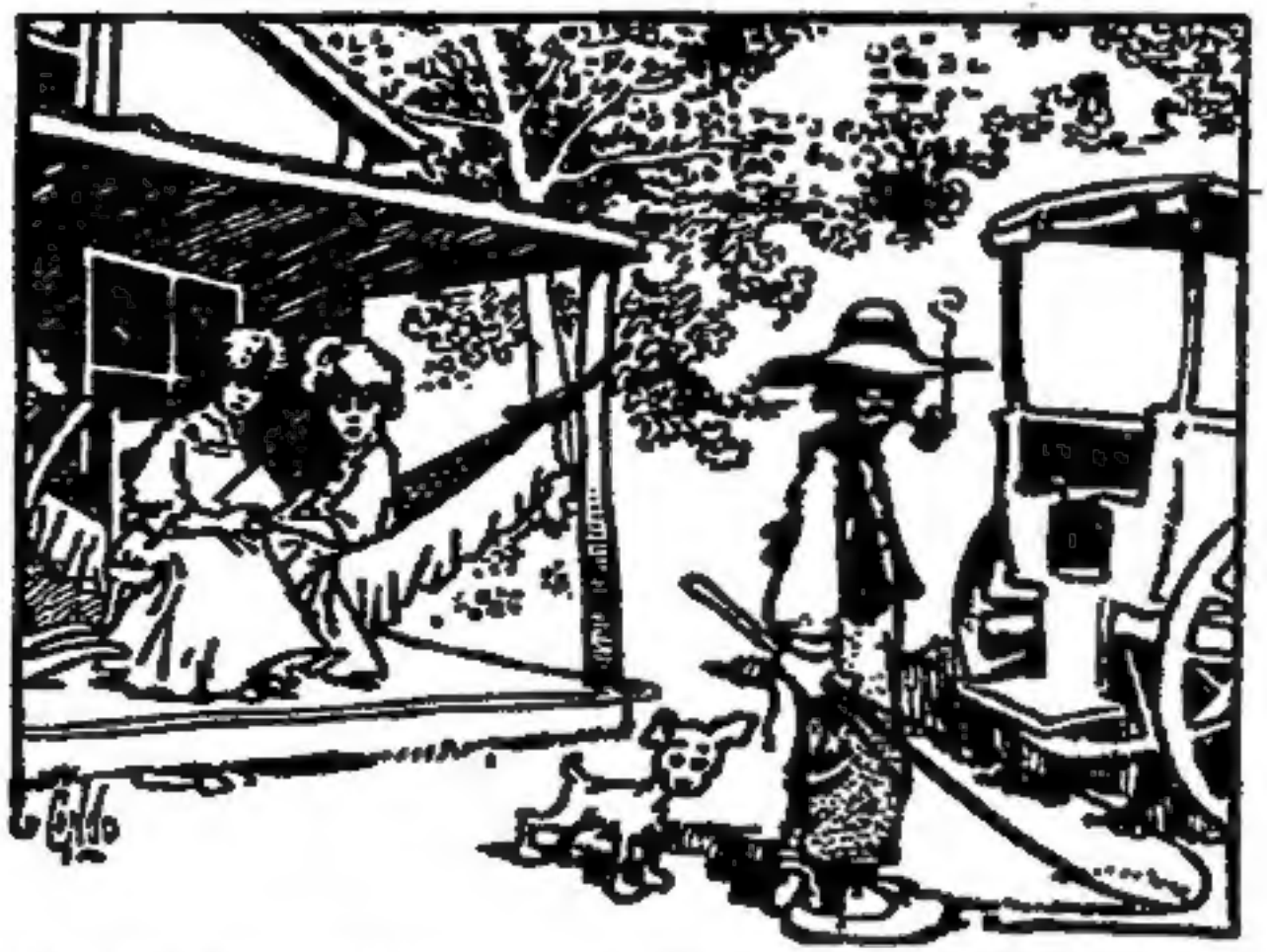
FROM DIANA'S DIARY

A Story of a Summer Flirtation



"THE ONLY MAN AT THE PLACE"

MONDAY.—Here I am at last at DELIGHTFUL Bunkhaven-on-the-Lake, and three weeks' salary from Taffeta & Balbriggan's store gone in advance for a week's board. I'm at Mrs. Summergraft's commodious Pine Cottage. The name fits like a forelady's false front. You BEGIN to pine the minute you see the cottage. I have a room so large that when you put your dress suit case under the bed you CAN shut the door.

The old nappy guy who drives the bus is the ONLY man at the place, but Mrs. Summergraft says a member of the English nobility has engaged the only room she has left, and will be wafted in tomorrow on the 2:25. I just DOTE on vis. counts AND baronettes. In fact I will be QUITE at ease from having seen Vaughn Glaser go through the part so often in stock.

However, I must not let him know I am in trade. How GLAD I am that no one here knows me. Me for the heiress game, and MAYBE I will yet show those second-floor girls that Diana Dillpickles, the demure and entrancing skirt model, can grace a CASTLE as well as a department store.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

A Story of a Summer Flirtation

"IT WAS COOL INDIFFERENCE THAT I HANDED HIM."

TUESDAY.—He has came. We have now with us at Pine Cottage Sir Chauncey Scadsley-Chaslington, Bart. He is a PERFECT LOVE, and there was a flutter among the girls as he hopped lightly from the bus, clad in tweeds—the Bart, not the bus. He had a bran new "bag," as he called it, which must have cost $6. Because I KNOW. Taffeta & Dalbriggan's handle that make, which is an exclusive one manufactured only in St. Louis.

All the girls fell over each other to meet him, which, honest was SUCH coarse work that I nearly bust out laughing. It was cool indifference that I handed him. Mrs. Summergraft was compelled to bring him to WHERE I was sitting on the piazza reading. I greeted him with THAT RESERVE appropriate to an heiress who is going to have a lot of dough left to her by a rich papa, who made his money in fertilizer. I gave him the icemen's mitt, so to speak. Say, it made an instant hit. The Bart is becoming attentive.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

A Story of a Summer Flirtation

"TOSSING 10 CENTS ON THE COUNTER WITH A LORDLY AIR.

WEDNESDAY—This morning Sir Scadsley-Chastington BEGGED me to go on the links with him for a twosome. Because I KNEW there wasn't no links in 50 miles of beautiful Bunkhaven-on-the-Lake, unless you count sausage. I made a bluff of going up after my clubs, JUST as Mrs. Summergraft butted in with the information that there was nothing doing. So, of course, it didn't COME to a showdown for me, and the Bart thinks I'm the real chili concarne.

I believe Sir Chauncey would be a good spender IF he was where there's anything to buy. He did as well as he could at the village store, setting 'em up to the soda and tossing 10 cents on the counter, with a LORDLY AIR.

The other GIRLS haven't had a look-in on Sir Chauncey. He now calls me Diana, and if I haven't got him so's he'll eat out o' my hand I'm a liar.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

A Story of a Summer Flirtation

"HE STRODE OFF, GRACEFUL IN HIS HANDSOME RAGE."

THURSDAY.—It was all SO sudden. We quarreled in the morning, Chauncey—I mean Sir Chauncey—and I. In his high-strung, aristocratic fashion, he has took OFFENSE at a remark I made. I says to him I FEARED he loved me for my wealth alone. He strode off in high dudgeon, "graceful in his handsome rage, while the poor deluded girl like a crushed flower—(that's me)—sank sobbing on a fauteuil as if her heart would break." ONLY it wasn't on a fauteuil, but on the bench behind Pine Cottage where the men guests have to wash in a tin basin and be careful not to step on the ducklings.

But I quickly dried my eyes, remembering I was an heiress (for this week only). I thought to myself there's other fish in the sea, both game and NOT, so I swept by him on the veranda where he was chinning a red-headed girl from Cairo, Ill., who pretends to be of the elite, but hasn't got all the typewriter ink out of her finger nails, the cat!

After writing this I will sob myself to sleep—nit. It's time enough when I'm down and out for sure.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

A Story of a Summer Flirtation

"HE CLASPS MY SVELTE FORM IN HIS ARMS."

FRIDAY—We are ENGAGED. In Sir Chauncey Scadsley-Chasington I have found my affinity, and him in me his. WONT it create a sensation at Taffeta & Balbriggan's when I'm a ladyship and mistress of Chasington Hall in Canvasshamshire? Well!

I was alone in the orchard, picking apples for Mrs. Summergraft. All at once I saw a snake; also, simultaneous-like, Sir Scadsley-Chasington's manly figure swinging down the lane. "Sa-a-ve meh!" I screamed, and FAINTED. "Hallos there!" he said, as he vaulted over the fence, dispatching the deadly monster with ONE blow of his riding crop. (It was a clothes pole, but what's the odds in a romance?) The Bart. is ALL to the mustard, I tell you.

"Isn't she ripping?" says he, as he clasps my svelte form in his arms and kisses my closed eyes, which I could SEE him perfectly for all that.

"Oh, where am muh?" I gasped as I came to. In a moment he was begging my forgiveness and pouring out an impassioned declaration. Oh, it was GORGEOUS. Then I blushingly accepted him.

But DIDNT it put that red-headed girl on the blink!

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

A Story of a Summer Flirtation

STUNG.

SATURDAY—Parting is SUCH sweet sorrow. Sir Chauncey—that is, dearest Chauncey—has been TORE from my side. A urgent cablegram calls him to the old country, but we will CORRESPOND. I am all of a FLUTTER to learn what he will say when he hears I am not an heiress. Ah, me, it's back from Bunkhaven-on-the-Lake to Taffeta & Balbriggan's for mine, for a while at least.

I got a letter today from Maizie Tapemeasure saying a NEW man will be on the silk counter Monday. It don't INTEREST me, Maizie can HAVE him. I've landed a SWELL GUY.

SUNDAY—At home again. I feel SO pensive.

MONDAY—Sir Chauncey is a flourflush. It's him on the silk counter! STUNG!

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

In Six Chapters. Being another romance of Diana Dilpickle that turned out to be a lemon.

"DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED, LITTLE ONE," SAYS HE.

I.

There was I behind the counter in Taffeta & Balbriggan's waiting for customers when a DELICIOUS tenor voice interrupted me, saying, "Ah, there, Gladys! Could you direct me to the neckwear department?" I then dropped the novel I was reading—it was "If She Only Knew: or, Birdine Bungstarter's Blind Love"—and turned. There stood the killingest guy. "Oh, sir," says I, "but how you startled me." I was that flustered I FORGOT to tell him my name wasn't Gladys. "Do not be frightened, Little One," says he, polite. "You see, I just blew in from the Smoky City and I've lost my way in this dump." Then I directed him, and "Is there anything else?" I says. "Nothing, Lit-tle Bright Eyes," says he, "except a few kind words and a pleasant smile." The NERVE of him. Then he PASSED out of my life.

And HIM from Pittsburg. I bet he's one of them millionaires. Be still, my beating heart, be still.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

In Six Chapters. Being another romance of Diana Dilpickle that turned out to be a lem

"ALL ABOUT THE DIDOES IN SMOKY CITY HIGH LIFE."

III.

He is now head over heels in love with me, Mr. Biffkins, the Pittsburg millionaire. He called tonight after I got home from work at Taffeta & Balbriggan's, and I chased ma and pa and Suse and Liz and Sophe in the house so we could have the front steps to ourselves. Mr. Biffkins told me more of the FUNNIEST stories! I like to of killed my fool self laughing. They were all about the didoes they cut up in Smoky City high life. Of course, I seen 'em all in the papers INSIDE. Mr. Biffkins is SUCH a cut up.

I onder IF I was to marry him would I be received by the Thaws?

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

In Six Chapters. Being another romance of Diana Dilpickle that turned out to be a lemon

THE OTHER GIRLS FROM THE STORE WERE THAT JEALOUS."

III.

It is IMPOSSIBLE for me to sleep, and no wonder—this has been an eventful day. I actually met HIM, the feller I made a mash on at Taffeta & Balbriggan's. LITTLE did I dream that I should ever meet him AGAIN, but at the annual outing of the Taffeta & Balbriggan Mutual Aid at Pewee Grove who should appear but my HERO from Pittsburg. He is confessedly a millionaire, but in every OTHER respect a gentleman. He recognized me at once and spoke to me. His name is Biffkins, Claude Beaucmer Biffkins, and if I mistake not he is one of Mr. Carnegie's young men. For one thing he's a divine dancer and that's no IDLE DREAM. You can believe it or not, but the other girls from the store were that jealous of me it like to of broke up the Mutual Aid. But I don't care. Mr. Biffkins is going to call.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

In Six Chapters. [illegible] of Diana [illegible] that turned out to be a [illegible]

TRYING TO RUN OVER FICES LIKE ALL THOSE GAY MILLIONAIRES.

IV.

I don't know WHETHER I ought to keep on at Taffeta & Baldriggan's or not. I'm getting pretty sour on WORK, me being so fond of fun and entertainment. I felt like I was in Paradise when Mr. Biffkins, from Pittsburg, took me out in his auto last evening. I tied a veil over my ears and tried to look like a real motor miss as we spun thru the back streets, Mr. Biffkins tooting the horn sudden to scare people at crossings and trying to run over fices like ALL those gay Pittsburg millionaires do. I FELT like I really was in society. The blame thing broke down and we had to WALK home in the moonlight, but that made it ALL the more romantic.

Mr. Biffkins shows himself very attached to me. He has not told me much about HIMSELF, but he acts like a regular prince.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

In Six Chapters. Being another romance of Diana Dilpickle that turned out to be a lemon

"MR. BIFFKINS, THE PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRE, HAS PROPOSED."

V.

My faith in man is now confirmed COMPLETELY. Mr. Biffkins, the Pittsburg millionaire, has proposed, and I cast ASIDE all misgivings and accepted. Of course, I said it was so sudden, but he said it was sudden on his part too, and it had caught him without money until the NEXT dividend on Steel Common was declared, and he couldn't give me an engagement ring UNLESS I lent him the money.

"Oh, I hope you aren't so wealthy that it will embarrass me," says I to him.

"Don't worry, Angel Face," says he to me. "It's ME which ought to be leary about asking you to share the burden of wealth."

I know it will paralyze the other girls at Taffeta & Balbriggan's to learn I win me a home at last.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

In Six Chapters. Being another romance of Diana Dilpickle that turned out to be a lemon

"AND BIFFKINS JUST HIS SECRETARY AND AN IMPOSTOR."

VI.

STUNG again! In spite of fast falling tears I am writing HOW it happened. I had quit Taffeta & Ralbriggah's and hade gone down to the bank to draw out my savings anent my nuptials, while my INTENDED, Mr. Biffkins, the Pittsburg millionaire, was waiting at the door. Just THEN a fat, white-whiskered gent with a diamond horseshoe in his red necktie came along.

"You here, Biffkins?" says he, angry like, as I came out with my money. "You rascal, how did my automobile get broken out near the park park the other night? Didn't I warn you not to go skylarking with it? You're FIRED! Twenty-three for yours."

The fat gent was the REAL Pittsburg millionaire and Biffkins just his secretary and an IMPOSTER.

Thus is busted ANOTHER ROMANCE. Thank heavings, a poor deluded gell can always sidestep if she gets wise BEFORE them fatal words is spoke at the altar.

(FINIS.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY.

Or How Lovelorn Diana Dillpickles Found the Romantic Stock Star All to the Citrus.

No. I.

"So I penned him a note."

Oh, relentless Cupid, your dart has plunked me square in the heart again. "Diana Dillpickles," says Myrtle Elbowlength to me today, which she is on the glove counter next to me at Taffeta & Balbriggan's, "Diana Dillpickles, you have been going about for the last week in a perfect trance." The impertinence of her! Yet, how could I confide in her that I am plum daffy over the greatest actor of the day, Tremayne Marblebrow, the leading man on the stock company?

Just to show how serious it is, I sent him a tribute of my regard, so I penned a note. Here is what I wrote:

"Dear Tremayne: You will pardon my presumption in writing to you, and I suppose I am a silly little goose, but I must testify that you are my ideal of a man. Deign to give one sign of recognition to one who is your CONSTANT ADMIRER.

Tomorrow I am going to the matinee to watch the effect upon him. How he will wonder who it's from.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY.

Or How Lovelorn Diana Dillpickles Found the Romantic Stock Star All to the Citrus.

"He distinctly glanced at me this aft."

II.

Today I did another daring thing I sent word to Taffeta & Bulbriggan's that I was not well enough to come to work, and ducked around to the mat. at the Olyric to see Handsome Tremayne Marblebrow in the favorite play of "Lady Audley's Secret," him taking the difficult part of the secret. I wanted to see how my mash note worked on him. Oh, he is such a noble figure, with such a caressing tenderness in his voice, such a flashing eye, such raven, wavy locks. No wonder every miss in town simply raves over him.

And as for me, I feel that I was rewarded. He distinctly glanced at me this aft., and smiled. I am sure that he appreciates my devotion. Of course he does not know me, but then all great actors have intuition.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY.

Or How Lovelorn Diana Dillpickles Found the Romantic Stock Star All to the Citrus.

"OH, WHAT A THRILL WENT THROUGH ME AS HE PASSED."

No. III.

My romance with Tremayne Marblebrow, the eminent leading man of the Olyric stock company, is speeding onward with the swiftness of a cash carrier at Taffeta & Balbriggan's. I have met him face to face.

I did not go to the matinee today, but got through at the store in time to mingle with the bevy of girls who were simply dying to get a closer look at Tremayne, as they hurried around to the stage door. There we stood breathless and expectant, until finally Tremayne in the loviest ulster with a fur collar came out.

There was a flutter of applause by daintily gloved hands, and he majestically raised his hat to us as he went by. And, oh, what a thrill went through me as he passed, for his sleeve actually brushed mine. Oh, I hope it was intentional.

Ah, this has been a happy day!

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY.

Or How Lovelorn Diana Dillpickles Found the Romantic Stock Star All to the Citrus.

"I dropped in his lap a pink carnation."

IV.

Undoubtedly I was born under a lucky star. On my way home from Taffeta & Balbriggan's, I met Tremayne Marblebrow, the great stock star, again. I was just grieving because I had not been able to see him in "East Lynne," in which he plays the part of Mr. Lynne so touchingly, when I glanced round the crowded car in which I was hanging to a strap, and noticed a distinguished looking gent. My attention was particularly attracted to him because he was the only man who was sitting. It was him, Tremayne! He seemed particularly wan.

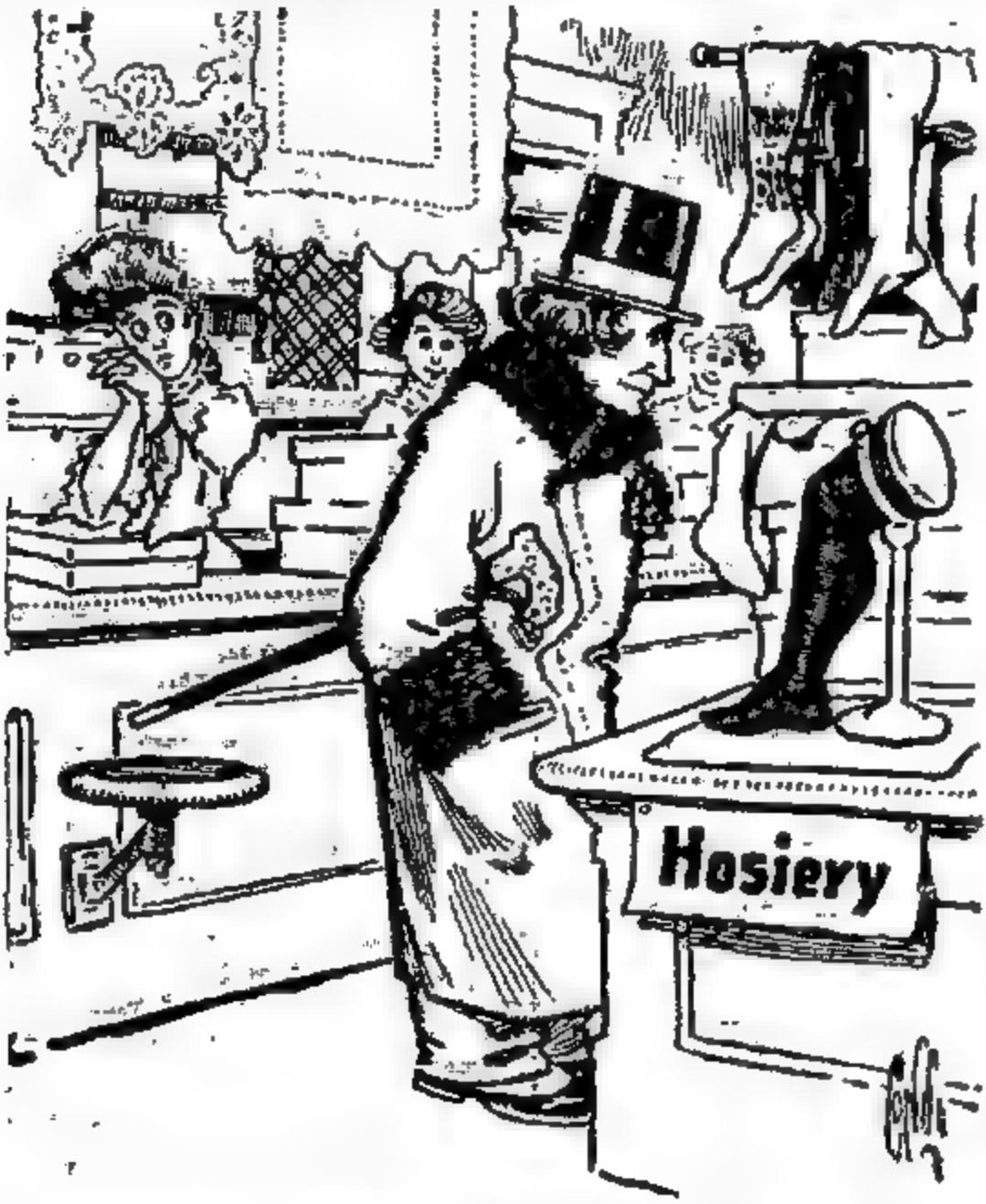
A feeling came over me that perhaps his heart was starving for affection, and the thought overpowered me. Yielding to an impulse, I dropped in his lap a pink carnation and hurriedly left the car to hide my emotion.

Oh, I trust he will not think me too bold.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY.

Or How Lovelorn Diana Dillpickles Found the Romantic Stock Star All to the Citrus.



"IT CERTAINLY DOES LOOK AS IF HE IS CHASING ME."

V.

My love for Tremayne Marblebrow, the gifted star of the Olyric stock company, is progressing swimmingly, like a fish. Today he really came into Taffets and Balgriggan's to purchase some fancy hosiery, and as he passed you should have seen the girls brace up and hastily primp. As he passed me I nearly fell in a swoon when I noticed that he wore in his buttonhole a pink carnation. I am sure it was the one I dropped in his lap in the street car.

Of all the misses who strained their necks rubbering at him, I was the only one which had the proud consciousness that perhaps he had come purposely to be near me, for it certainly does look as if he is chasing me.

I can almost see myself Tremayne Marblebrow's bride and holding his hat behind the scenes.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY.

Or How Lovelorn Diana Dillpickles Found the Romantic Stock Star All to the Citrus.

VI.

"IT WAS MY HERO, TREMAYNE MARBLEBROW, AND ALREADY MARRIED!"

Stung again, and oh, what a blow!

Have you ever built an idol on your heart and then seen that idol suddenly dashed to the ground and bust into a thousand pieces like a tea cup dropped in a quick lunch? Well, that's Tremayne Marblebrow, the shine matinee star with the Olyric stock company.

This evening on my way home from work at Taffeta & Bolbriggan's I had occasion to go for ma and get her a kimono which was being made by some dressemaker in a cheap furnished-rooms-for-light-housekeeping building downtown. "Go right up-stairs," says the landlady, and I done so. I followed the smell of frying onions and looked in the first open door I reached. There was a fat woman with a baby on her hip cooking something over an oil stove, and a man in negligee minding another kid and smoking a clay pipe. It was my "hero," Tremayne Marblebrow, and already married. This was his home!

I turned and beat it away from there in a hurry, sickened at heart.

(Finis)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Kate Casts Miss Dillpickles Into the Hospitable But Hostile Home of Everett True, But She Survives to Tell the Tale."

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"EVERYTHING LED ME TO BELIEVE SHE HAD BEEN CANNED."

I.

What am I up against?

I ask myself this like the mariner who stands upon the threshold of life at the commencement exercises.

The reason is this: I have just answered this ad in the paper:

WANTED—At once if not sooner a competent young person who loves children to take care of triplets, no fourthers need apply; nice home and modern wages to girl that can make good. WILL IT BE TRUE?

There is a manly tone to this that makes me feel that a strong hand has taken hold of an emergency at the True home. Well, I should certainly consider triplets an emergency.

I am too fond of adventure and experience to pass up this chance, so I decided to apply.

I made my way to the address given, and not another girl coming out.

There was no firearm dangling behind her, but everything led me to believe that she had been canned.

I faltered.

The moment did not seem to be propitious.

So I put off until tomorrow my grand entry into the True home.

Say, I wonder what kind of a game this June party is.

(To be Continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Fate Casts Miss Dillpickles Into the Hospitable But Hostile Home of Everett True, But She Survives to Tell the Tale."

BY F. W. SCHAEFER

"PEG TRIED TO CAVE IN MIKE'S HEAD BECAUSE HE WASN'T PULLING FAIR ON THE BOTTLE."

I am now an inmate of Everett True's household and bottleholder to the celebrated True triplets.

Mrs. True breathed a sigh of relief when I came, and signed me on the spot, subject to Mr. True's approval. She looks worn and tired, poor little woman, and I am glad that I can be of some assistance to her.

Mrs. True introduced me to the triplets. They were nestled in a big washtub; an inspiration of Mr. True's. They were feeding from one large bottle with a triple tube; another inspiration of Mr. True's. Their names are Sal, Peg and Mike, also an inspiration of Mr. True's. You might say Mrs. True is the mother of triplets, but triplets is the mother of invention.

From what I can judge, the triplets have not the forbearance of their mother. Peg tried to cave in Mike's head because he wasn't pulling fair on the bottle.

"The little dears won't put up with any imposition," Mrs. True explained. "So like their father."

I tremble to meet Mr. True. What if he should size me up as a flourflusher? I am afraid he will, for, while I have tended children before, it was never by wholesale.

(To Be Continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Fate Casts Miss Dillpickles Into the Hospitable But Hostile Home of Everett True, But She Survives to Tell the Tale"

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"DO YOU READ 'DESERTED AT THE ALTAR' LITERATURE?" HE SAID. "IF YOU DO, GET YOUR HAT!"

III.

Well I have met my employer Everett True,, and have passed muster. But my nerves feel unstrung, like they had been caressed with a curry-comb

It is all right to be frank and outspoken and independent but no human being is perfect, and it takes an angel to suit Mr. True

Mrs. True complains of pains in the shoulder blades Maybe she is sprouting wings.

First Miss er Dillpickles" Mr True said, "Don you go round all day singing My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean?"

I told him I didn't

Good, he roared 'Now do you cadge dresses from the lady of the house?'

I told him I wouldn't have on anybody's old dresses

'Answer me this he went on Do you read Deserted at the Altar literature? If you do, get your hat!"

I didn't have to get my hat

'Finally' said Mr True do you chloroform infants to make them sleep?'

Of course I didn't, and that ended it for the time being

"Well, you help Mrs. True with Sal, Peg and Maggie like a good girl he said and we won't quarrel about your wages But," and he shook his finger at me I have a care I won't stand for any dippy doings in this ranch"

Gee whiz, AIN'T he the old bear'

(To be continued)

"Duke Hega Knowly Lade" is a sign which graces the window of a dairy shop in South London

Oriental Billiard and Pool Parlors, 1415 Third av., have eight new tables and the only 6x10 pool table in Seattle. A place for gentlemen ***

Leave Pier 1 to see battleships ***

Buy your hat of E. N. Brooks & Co., 1131 Second av. ***

NORTHWEST TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

First Ave. and Columbia St.
SEATTLE, WASH.

Facilities for Women

The facilities of this company are extensively taken advantage of by ladies who appreciate not only the convenient location of its offices but also the advantage of keeping their accounts in a strong and well known institution

E. SHORROCK, President

J. P. HARTMAN, Vice President

ALEXANDER MYERS, Secretary

J. V. A. SMITH, Cashier

4 per Ct. Interest paid on Savings

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Fate Casts Miss Dillpickles Into the Hospitable But Hostile Home of Everett True, But She Survives to Tell the Tale."

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"MR. TRUE DID HIS CELEBRATED SPECIALTY WITH AN ENTHUSIASM THAT BROKE UP HOUSEKEEPING"

Fireworks ain't no name for what we've had at Everett True's today.

Mr. True personally fired a scrappy Jap menial, and he didn't do it with a time fuse, either. It was "Banzai!" "Biff!" "Au revoir!"

Some time ago Mr. True got tired of dealing with mutinous cooks whom he had to spare on account of their sex, and he took on a slant-eyed individual named Hitamuchi Sake. Hitamuchi gave satisfaction, but every time he would get the Shimbun Nichi from home and read it he would mutter to himself and get cheesty. Mr. True didn't mind this, as long as he delivered the goods in the way of victles. But what broke the bale of hay on Mr. True's back was the discovery that Hitamuchi had padded the grocery bill. The lad tried to explain it away as "honest" graft, that he was entitled to a rakeoff and made a funny motion like he was going to start something in the jiu jitsu line.

If that was his intention Mr. True beat him to it. Mr. True did his celebrated specialty with an enthusiasm that broke up housekeeping and created a 125-pound void in the culinary department.

While I put vinegar and brown paper on Mrs. True's head for the headache the scrap gave her, Mr. True donned an old gingham apron and cooked the supper, whistling blithely.

Say, the pace here is fierce.

(To be continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Fate Casts Miss D'Ippickles Into the Hospitable But Hostile Home of Everett True, But She Survives to Tell the Tale."

BY F. W. SCHAEFER

"YOU ARE TOO GROUCHY WITH THE OZONE, YOU MICRO-CEPHALIC GOOSE!"

V

I know it had to come

I have [illegible] of [illegible] but I don't know if it will last or not, but for Mrs. True's sake I will try

I had the triplets out in their reinforced double-truck perambulator and take it from me, it's a man's job to push it. But I don't mind that. I have become quite attached to Sal, Peg and Mike

On account of the sun hurting their eyes, I had the sunshade over them. As luck would have it, I had just reached a shaded part of the street when Mr True came along, goodness knows, a girl can't think of everything in a minute

"What do you mean by shutting off heaven's pure air from those triplets?" Mr. True hollers, snatching the sunshade off and stamping on it. "It's just such ignorance as you who condemn the kids' sea children of the land to grow up pale and pigeon breasted, because you are too grouchy with the ozone that nature in her beneficence provides for them, you microcephalic goose!"

Microcephalic goose! I like that

Feeling that he had done his duty, Mr. True stalked into the house

Somebody please fan me with a postage stamp and see me fall

(To be continued)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Fate Casts Miss Dillpickles Into the Hospitable But Hostile Home of Everett True, But She Survives to Tell the Tale"

BY F. W. SCHAEFER.

"THAT IS AS NEAR AS I CAN TELL WHAT HAPPENED, BECAUSE I GOT OUTSIDE IN HASTE."

VI.

Well I am like the children of Israel I am out of bondage

No I am not at Everett Trues any longer I have left the Trues tenants to the tender mercies of their fat headed father I couldn't stand for it any longer

Yet I am sorry to say that boy is I left he got big.

With admirable womanly instinct Mrs True had put ruffles on the little trousers of Sad Dog and Mike It made them look just too sweet for anything. She was so proud of it that she showed it to Mr True expecting to be praised for it

Not so

"Woman, haven't you got anything to do than to fritter away your time ruffling such fal lals and I can't upon the pa[illegible] ments of your young" he bawled "Do you want to pervert their [illegible] natures into an effeminate craving for the bliss of to dress"

Mrs True flared up in an instant "You low browed ruffian" she screamed "Is this the thanks I get for slaving over the sewing machine doing a mother's Christian duty trying to inject a touch of refinement into the hairy savageness of these innocent children who ought to be in a hospital" Take that you coward a buffet She [illegible] at him with a flatiron and he went down for the count

That is as near as I can tell what happened, because I got outside in haste

I am not robust enough to help Mrs True with the [illegible]

(The End)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Succeeds as a Census Enumeratress—Yet She Is Persistently Baffled By a Mysterious Mr. Hoofit.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"I had an awful time convincing her she wasn't the head of the house."

I am now a regular census enumerator but I didn't make a very good start the first day, spending practically all my time hunting for a Mr Hoofit. I couldn't find him yesterday and so started on other trails today and am doing better

II

I'm getting so I can earn my 2½ cents per head. Gee, it's a snap when you strike a house with ten children in it. But you don't find many like that

Today I discovered some folks named Mush. That was the husband's name and he looked the part But his wife didn't. She ought to change her name, and I guess she'd do it if she could. She is a suffragist of the "Mandela-macabe" type Everything went lovely enough until I asked if the head of the house was born in this country She thought I was asking about her, and began telling me when I chipped in and said I meant her husband. Say, I certainly started something I came near not being able to finish. I had an awful hard time convincing her that she wasn't the head of the house You see, Uncle Sam will have it that the husband is IT even if he is a bald-headed little shrimp who has to do the family washing "I am master here," she cried "Madame," I said, "you may be but the government won't recognize it unless you hit Mr Mush on the head with an axe and become a widow",

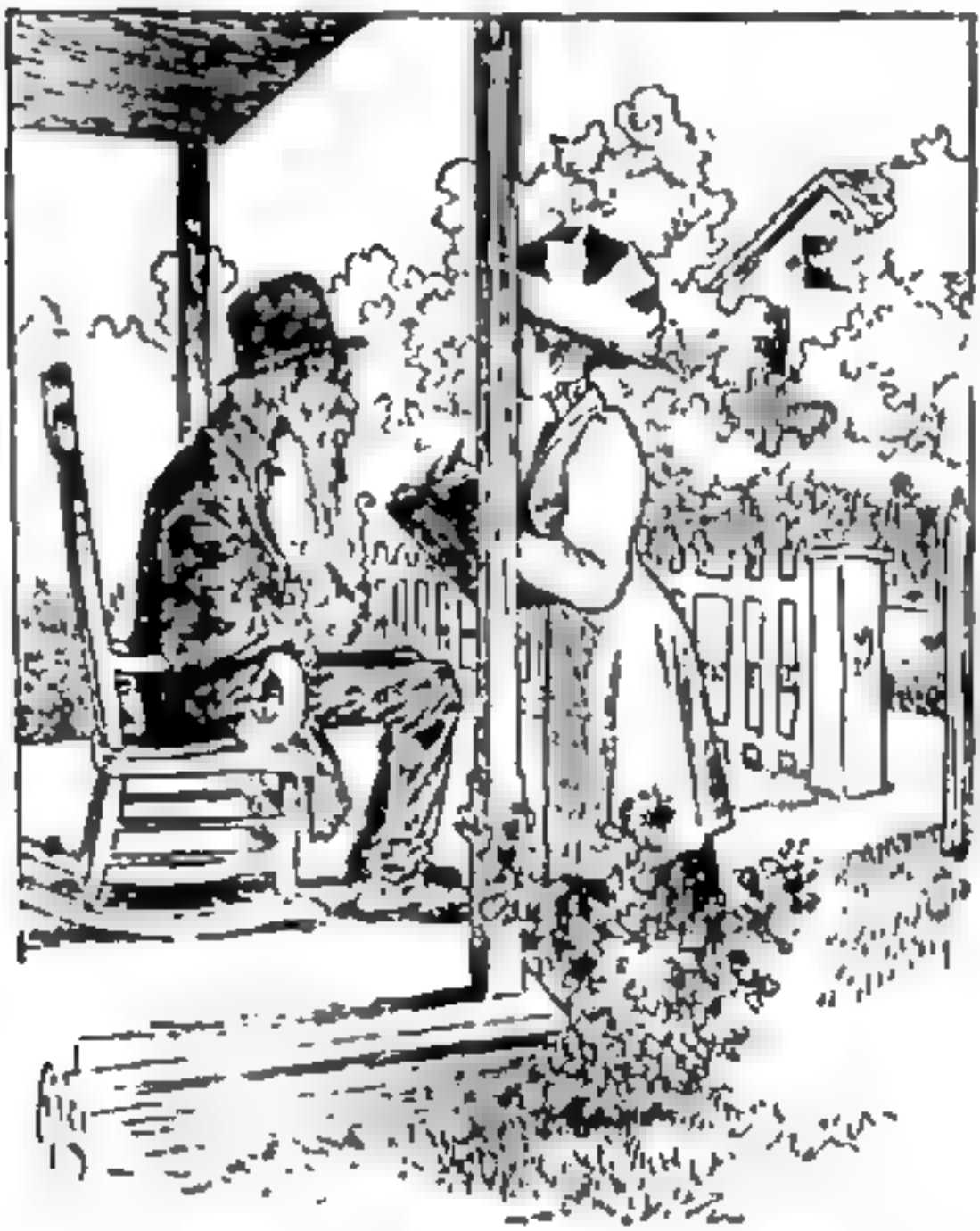
I made three more trips to the butch block to get the facts about Mr. Hoofit, but each time I didn't get anywhere. He was out each time and the people around the Building are beginning to think I have a laundry bill against him

(Continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dilpickles Succeeds as a Census Enumeratress—Yet She Is Persistently Baffled By a Mysterious Mr. Hoolt.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.



"This inquisitive old party-guy had woman's curiosity looking mild as milk."

I

I lost my key to-day and had all my time at the office just five cents. Had the nerve trying to crack a joke that I owed a quarter in the Ratskeller. I made it and the rest of the time I was practicing vital statistics on an inquisitive old geezer, who asked ten questions to my one.

This old fellow and I have since been Pumpkins. Good natured he was. He was sitting on his front porch in a rocker and he was the most garrulous old cuss I ever ran across. He wanted to know all about everybody I had investigated, how many children they had, what they had to live on, and everything. This inquisitive old party-guy had woman's curiosity looking mild as milk. After I had got under his guard and found out what I wanted to know, I just discovered he had a paralyzed wife in the house, and then I had to spar with him again to find out all about her. He finally let go, or rather I took it away from there on the run. Then I tried to find Hoolt, but he still eludes me. The people around the flatch block now think I'm an affinity of his, bent on throwing cayenne pepper in his eyes, and are yelling so they won't tell whether he's been in or not. This fellow Hoolt is putting me back in my work so I'm sick of it.

(Continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Succeeds as a Census Enumeratress—Yet She Is Persistently Baffled By a Mysterious Mr. Hoofit.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"I Get 2½ Cents If You Answer, and You Get a $100 Fine If You Don't."

IV

For a while today I was up against a tougher proposition than sleuthing after Mr. Hoofit—the old save money, to find out when he was born and if he works for a living. This was tackling a friend of the family.

By this I mean a friend of my family. His name is Splurge. Do bless you've met him—he's one of the kind that likes to let on they're worth a lot of money. Well, Splurge was glad to see me, till I asked him if he owned his home, and was it mortgaged and for how much? Then he went up in the air. I told him anything he'd tell me would be perfectly confidential and that I wasn't interested myself in knowing. But he was awful sore. "What do you get for coming around here and prying into my affairs?" he roared. I told him, chewing my gum in a calm manner: "I get 2½ cents if you answer, and you get a $100 fine if you don't." After that he loosened up and told me he had his house mortgaged up to the hilt. I thought so.

Then I thought I'll get Mr. Hoofit and went to the roost for the twentieth time, but he's still like the Irishman's flea. That young fellow, if young he is, must be leading a double life. You'd think I had a warrant for him instead of a list of census questions.

(Continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Succeeds as a Census Enumeratress—Yet She Is Persistently Baffled By a Mysterious Mr. Hoofit.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

Think of It! Here Was a Woman with Her Seventh Husband I Had to Mark Down as Married 6 Years.

Next to trying to corner Mr Hoofit and never getting him the most peculiar puzzle I've struck since I began enquiring was the case of a Mrs. Weldent

She was very frank in telling me she'd been at the altar seven times in her eventful, but perfectly serviceable, career The instructions make you put down a person who's been married more than once as M2, meaning married oftener than once,' but my next shock was when she stated she'd had her seventh husband only ten months, and, according to the rules, she had to be marked "00" years, only the length of the present marriage being noted, and nothing less than a full year counted Think of it! Here was a woman with her seventh husband, and I had to mark her down as married 0 years

We got to talking, and she told me her 6 with, your divorced, was a Mr. Hoofit

"Hurrah!" I shouted. "At last! Where is he?"

She couldn't tell me but she kindly gave me his picture, having no further use for it.

With that picture I will track down Mr Hoofit—pick him out of a crowd in the street if need be—and make my list of names complete. Won't I be glad?

(Continued.)

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Succeeds as a Census Enumeratress—Yet She Is Persistently Baffled By a Mysterious Mr. Hoofit.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"You Are Mr. Hoofit," I Cried. He Did Not Deny It.

VI

Strange things can happen, and this is one of them.

Today I completed my job of census enumerating and the only person in my district I knew I hadn't got was that Mr. Hoofit, the fellow I missed the first day and never did find. I had given him up and was at my house resting, when lo! a young census enumerator rang the bell, and to get statistics about ME.

I invited him into the parlor, and, while he was asking his string of questions I happened to look at that photo of Mr. Hoofit I'd picked up.

"YOU are Mr. Hoofit," I cried. He did not deny it. In fact, he was too startled to deny it, even if he wanted to. It must have seemed to him for a minute that I was crazy.

Then I told him I'd been crazy doing census work, too, and that I'd gotten hold of everybody but a Mr. Hoofit, who lived in the Batch block, and I was so delighted that I'd found him at last, and would he please answer my questions.

But I was stung-g-g again! He politely proved to me that the Batch block wasn't in my district and that as the other census I got there was work wasted—as my nothing of the twenty-odd trips I'd made there to look for him.

(The End.)

From Diana's Diary

MISS DILLPICKLES PARTICIPATES IN AN AVIATION MEET WITH A RIVAL BIRDLADY WHOSE VINDICTIVENESS WOULD ALMOST TURN THE BLOOD TO ICE IN YOUR VEINS.

BY FRED SHAEFER.

We got quite chummy and looked over our machines arm in arm.

I.

Once more I'm back in the whirl of excitement. I've got an engagement as a birdlady to do flying stunts for six days at the big Beelysport aviation meet. Winging through the ether is the very breath of life to me, but I haven't had a chance at it for some time on account of my folks being afraid I would get killed if I'd fall from a high altitude, and I don't know but what they're right. But this is such a good offer that they breathed a silent prayer for my safety and said I could accept if I did it without telling them.

The Beelysport meet is a big thing. Mike O'Pylon, the great air pilot, is bringing his whole stable of aviators, sixteen — count them—sixteen death defying, cigaret smoking, swashbucklers of the planes. As a special feature two of them will be women, but what I said about cigarets doesn't go for them, because one of them is going to be Me.

The other one is Tessie Flutter. She's been making such a hit round the circuit that O'Pylon decided it was good business to sign on another one, and that's how I happened to ride in. Tessie seems a right nice girl, although she blondines dreadful. We got quite chummy together and went out to look over our machines arm in arm. She uses a Curlin-Martiss biplane, while I'm to have a trim little Kazoo. We walked together among the hangars, swapped chewing gum, told each other what were our favorite authors, and were admired impartial by rubbernecks. We also made it up between us that she was to wear a white sweater and me a red one, and that we'd eat our meals together at the hotel. In fact we swore eternal sisterhood.

We were on the program today, but didn't fly. Because hope deferred maketh the crowd come tomorrow.

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

MISS DILLPICKLES PARTICIPATES IN AN AVIATION MEET WITH A RIVAL BIRDLADY WHOSE VINDICTIVENESS WOULD ALMOST TURN THE BLOOD TO ICE IN YOUR VEINS.

BY FRED SHAEFER.

I don't call it sisterly to mak e a grand stand play just when it will grab the wild plaudits away from me.

II.

This is the second day of the great Beeleysport aviation meet, and it is in full swing. All of Mike O'Pylon's sixteen air acrobats were u, doing dips, spirals and all kinds of thrillers, but the honors went mostly to the two birdladies—me and Tessie Flutter. The roar of the throng below was like wine to me and made my heart go pit-a-pat.

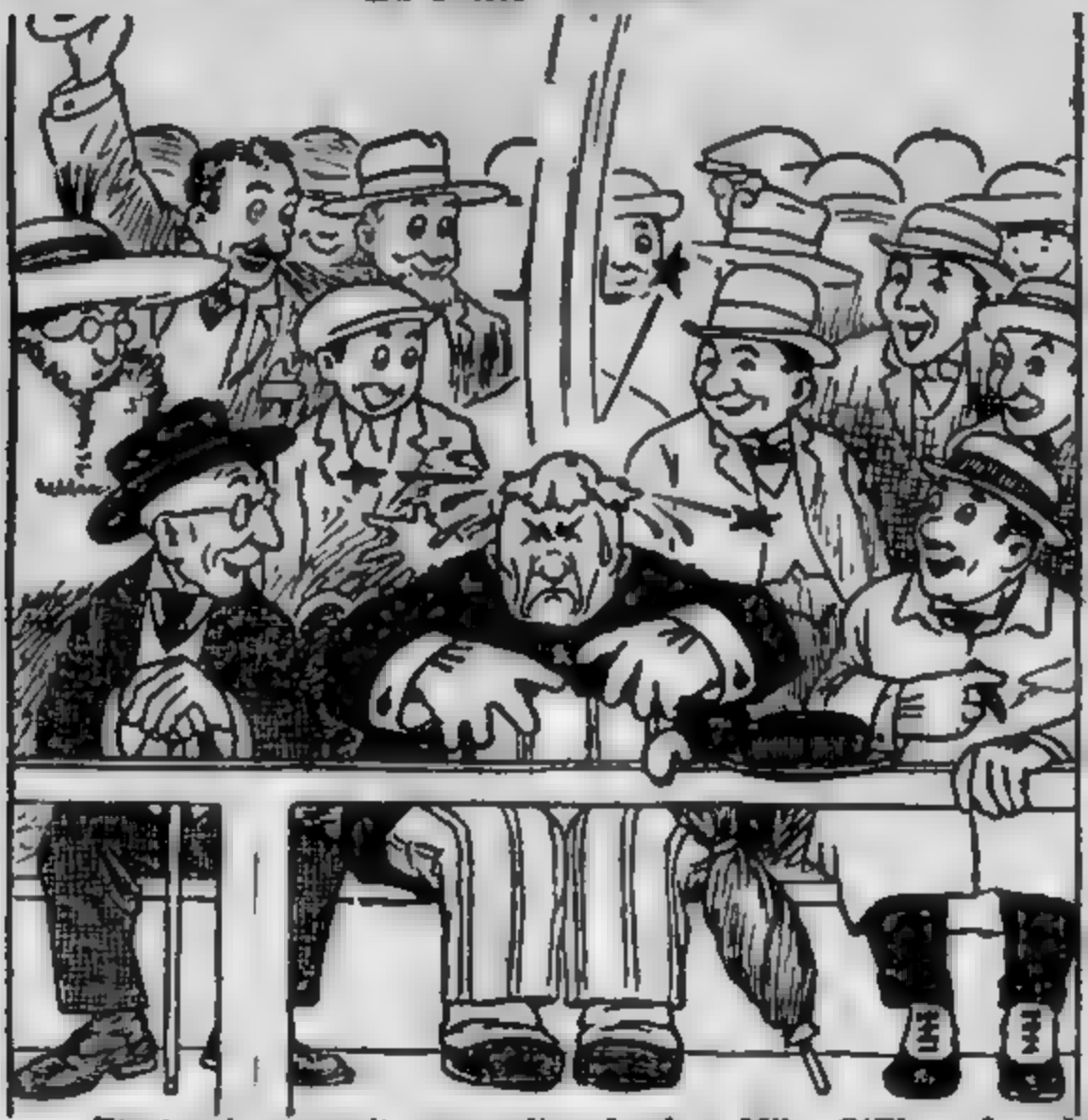
But as there's always one rancid peanut in the pack, there was something happened that left a nasty taste in my mouth. Of course Tessie has been in the game longer than I have, and can fly rings around me when it comes to aviation, but she needn't hog all the glory. I'd made a dandy flight and had landed my Baby Kasoo lightly as a feather in front of the reserved seat section and was getting a great ovation. Tessie was away up in the air for an altitude record (alleged), and the audience had forgotten all about her. Just as I was the center of interest here comes Tessie swooping down out of the clouds in her Curlin-Martiss, and the necks of everybody turned with a gasp to watch her land Down she dropped out of sight behind a neighboring cheese factory, many people thinking she'd met a terrible fate. But she curved up into sight again and over the fence with a flourish that seemed to say, "Just as e-e-easy!" Everybody, of course, cheered their heads off for her and Poor Me was nowhere.

I don't cal lit sisterly to make a grandstand play just when it will grab the wild plaudits away from me. I believe that woman is crafty.

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

MISS DILLPICKLES PARTICIPATES IN AN AVIATION MEET WITH A RIVAL BIRDLADY WHOSE VINDICTIVENESS WOULD ALMOST TURN THE BLOOD TO ICE IN YOUR VEINS. BY FRED SHAEFER



Tte tension wasn't even relieved when Mike O'Plyn, dropping oranges for bombs, dropped one on Everett True.

III.

There's not going to be any love lost between me and Tessie Flutter.

At the beginning of the Beelysport aviation meet she pretended to be my friend, but at heart she's jealous and has to queer me in every way. She's been "kickin' my dog around."

For my part, I've let Tessie understand that I'm dead wise to her, and now us two bird ladies are bitter rivals. We even glare at each other when we pass each other in the ozone, like two harpies. Our altitude is very strained.

The tension wasn't even relieved when Mike O'Plyn, dropping oranges for bombs, dropped one on Everett True. After he got the pulp off his clothes. Ev. waited round to get Mike, but Mike didn't come down, at least in this county.

The feature today was a race in the air between me and Tessie. Her Curlin-Martiss biplane is faster than my Baby Kazoo, but I had better control of my machine on the short turns over the half mile track, and I beat her in hollow style. My, she was sore, and went and beefed to the management about it. One of the chief promoters calmed her down. "Behave!" he said. "We'll arrange for you to win the next race with Miss Dillpickles on Saturday.

We shall see. Not in a million years will Diana Dillpickles throw a race to make a reputation for That Thing.

(Continued.)

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From Diana's Diary

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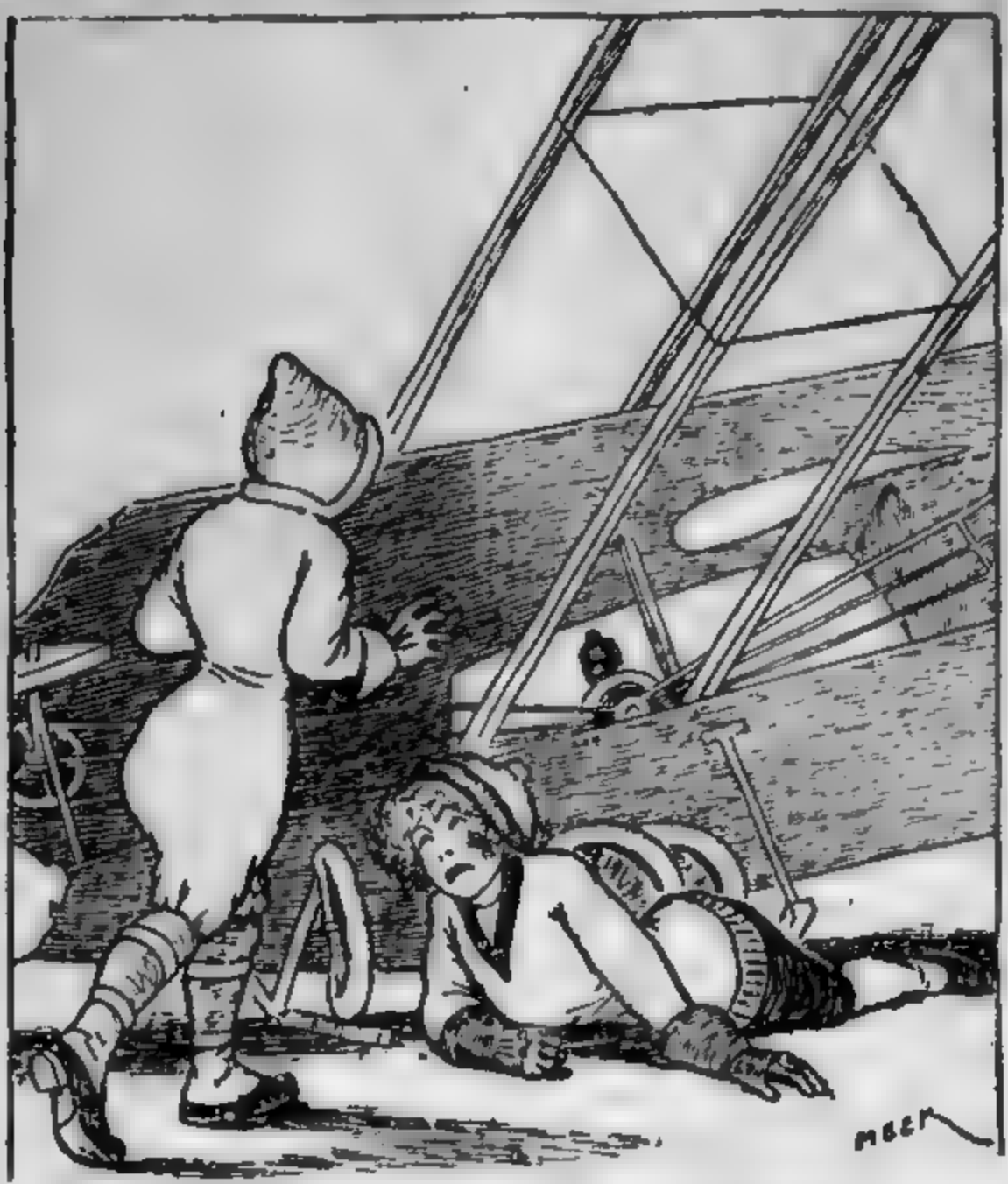

"Are you hurt, Tessie?" I cries. "Cat!" she hisses.

IV.

Virtue is its own reward. How true that old wheeze is. A fluke has put my hated rival, Tessie Flutter, out of the Beeleysport aviation meet and leaves me the star birdlady of Mike O'Pylon's galaxy of sixteen daring planes-people.

One of the management was just saying this meet hadn't been marred with anything except the lack of an accident to make it a howling success, when Tessie came to grief. She was doing her daily repertoire of thrillers and was making the Death Dip. I was to go up next and was watching her from the bench. I must say she did it superb, but as she slowed up for a landing something went wrong and her Curlin-Martiss keeled over, one wing crumbling against the ground, and Tessie was pitched out in a heap in the middle of the field.

Of course I was one of the first to run to her, full of sympathy for her and my grouch gone. I found her propped up on one elbow trying to get to her feet. "Are you hurt, Tessie?" I cries. "CAT!" she hisses, and flops over in a faint. And that was all the thanks I got for pitying her when her Death Dip hadn't proved successful.

Some simps ran to help her to the hospital tent, the police chased away the usual flock of souvenir hunters who were trying to strip the machine of its plumbing, and for the rest of the day I was the prima donna of the air, thanks to Tessie being in the discard.

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

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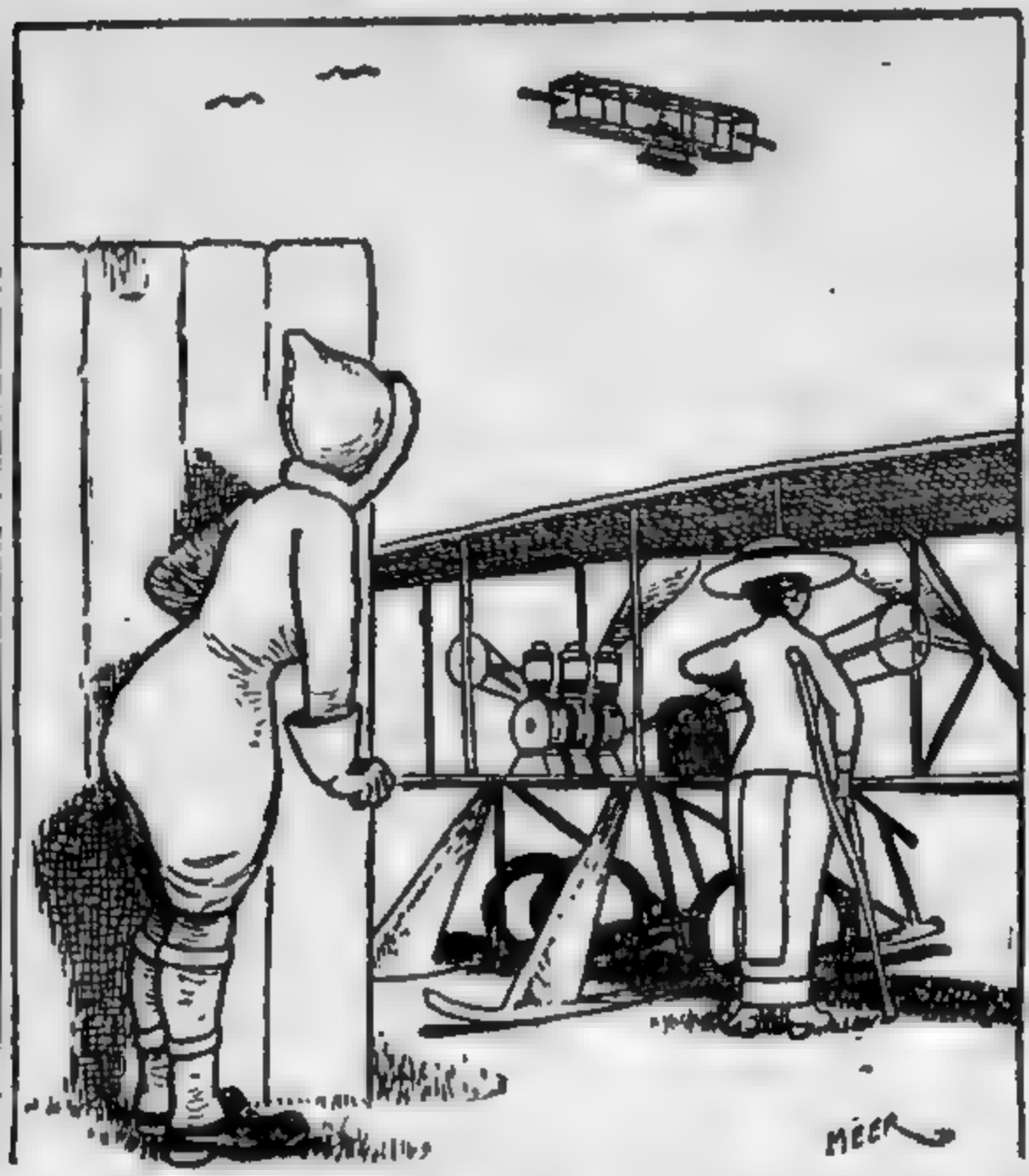

I caught Tessie Monkeying wi th my Baby Kazzoo. Say, this dame is a regular Laura Jeonlibby villainess!

V.

It does seem that a smash-up on the aviation field is a rejuvenactor for a torpid turnstile. The accident of Tessie Flutter yesterday brought a double attendance today, everybody coming armed with a bunch of lunch and a whole afternoon's supply of gasps.

But I found out several things. One was, that with Tessie not flying, I might be the whole thing in the air, but not on the ground while Tessie was hobbling around on a crutch playing the martyr with a broken ankle that was not broken, but only bent. In vain I circled the field making ciphers in the azure. Tessie was getting all the attention because she limped. But nobody staked me to a single sigh, although I had a whopper of a headache. You can't parade a headache. There's nothing spectacular about a kojfschmerzen even if you aviate with it.

The other thing I found out is that Tessie is crooked. They have billed her as the "lady demon of the air," but "she devil" expresses it better. I caught Tessie monkeying with my Baby Kazoo. Say, that dame is a regular Jaurojeanlibby villainess. I never let on, but went quietly to work and made repairs that thwarted her fell design. I know what she was aiming to do. Our race is on tomorrow and Mike O'Pylon says she will be able to take out her Curlin-Martiss against me after all. She has heard that I told Mike I wouldn't hippodrome this race—that I wouldn't pull my Baby Kazoo, and would beat her again if I could. So, you see, that is why she wants my motor to be on the bum.

Have a care, Tessie, old girl! Your machinations will come to naught, and tomorrow after you are beaten by honest means, Diana Dillpickles will taunt you with a mocking laugh—har-har-har!—just like that.

(Continued.)

TODAY IN HISTORY

April 17, 1754, the month-old settlement at the junction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela now known as Pittsburg, was surrendered by its English founders, under Trent, to the French, who called the stockade Fort Duquesne. But the French did not hold it long for some other English sent out Col. George Washington to recapture the head of Ohio river navigation.

Seat sale for Elsie Janis, "The Slim Princess," tomorrow. **

From Diana's Diary

MISS DILLPICKLES PARTICIPATES IN AN AVIATION MEET WITH A RIVAL BIRDLADY WHOSE VINDICTIVENESS WOULD ALMOST TURN THE BLOOD TO ICK IN YOUR VEINS.

BY FRED SHAEFER.

I saw it all, now. I hadn't triumphed over Tessie—I had only won from Mike O'Pylon disguised as her.

VI.

Stung again!

Oh, how sick I am getting of that word "stung." It never happens to anybody else.

The last day of the Beeleysport aviation meet certainly was a heart-breaker for me. This may sound strange, after the headlines telling that I won the five-mile aeroplane race, but that's just where the bitter jolt comes in. The paths of glory are full of spots where you can trip and muss up your laurel wreath.

Amid much cheerings the machine of my bitter rival, Tessie Flutter, was wheeled out and started from one end of the field, while I in my Baby Kazoo mounted gaily from the other end. I could make out her white sweater and her mop of peroxide hair, but I couldn't see the haughty sneer I knew she would be wearing on her face. I gritted my teeth and swore that I would show up this "lady demon of the air" today, or forever pass up the aviation game. I would bust her proud spirit for the Dirt she tried to do me.

Why describe the contest. I beat her a city block. The crowd rose and howled for me, and the strings of my corset snapped with pardonable pride. I turned to taunt my humiliated rival.

There was a woman near me, in street clothes, giggling. Tessie! And out of her machine piled my opponent. Off came that mass of yellow jute with a sweep of his hand, revealing the bullet head of a MAN!

I saw it all now. I hadn't triumphed over Tessie—I had only won from Mike Pylon disguised as her.

THE END.

From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles Builds a House After Her Own Design, Showing What a Bright Girl Can Do When She Has Full Swing.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"I!" Answered Yours Truly. "With My T-square and Thumb Tacks, I Will Design It."

I.

We have just finished paying for a lot and now we are going to have a house on it.

The whole Dillpickles family helped pay for the lot, and the whole Dillpickles family are going to help pay for the house, and the whole Dillpickles family is going to live in it, but the house is going to be the kind of a house to suit me.

"You can't get me to live in a back number house," I told them. "If it isn't up-to-date just count me out." And as I earn more money, when I am working, than anybody else in the family but Pa Dillpickles, they had to listen to me.

We all went out to the lot to take another good look at it after we had it paid for. Now that it was paid for it looked to us as if it had shrunk. That is because a house had been built up on each side of it.

"Well, here's your lot," said Pa Dillpickles. "Now who are we going to get to design a house for it?"

"I!" answered Yours Truly. "With my T-square and thumb tacks, I will design it!"

You see, I'd been preparing for this. I'd been reading all the Cosy Home pages in the magazines and studying floor plans and elevations until I could lay out a house with my eyes shut—all except the dimensions and arrangement of the rooms and specifications and estimate. I believe in every man being his own architect, especially if he is a woman.

So I got tracing paper and India ink and a drafting board and a rule and went to work while the rest of the family was still scrapping over whether it ought to be a bungalow or a two-story house. I planned and I planned until I had a design for a $2,200 house that any builder could put up for $3,600, and it was neither a bungalow nor a two-story house, but a little of each.

(Continued)

From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles Builds a House After Her Own Design, Showing What a Bright Girl Can Do When She Has Full Swing.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

Shopping for Lumber Is Difficult. They are Backward About Taking Down Goods and Showing It.

II.

I've got along with my plans for the house to the point where I'm able to sympathize with an architect. Every member of the Dillpickles family has a different notion of how it ought to be arranged, and comes along with a correction after I've got everything laid out to jibe properly. I finally told them this was no rubber house—it couldn't stretch to get in everything they wanted. It is a 7-room dwelling—not a 700-room beach hotel. Also there's been too much piffling talk showing ignorance of technical details. Pa and ma wrangled all of one evening about whether cove ceilings had any relation to cove oysters.

Just to show them all where to get off I breezed away with the plans to a builder and had him get me up the specifications. I'm strong on plans but a little wobbly on specifications. He got me up a set of specifications with the alluring part already printed and the sordid details written in. It described such perfectly elegant lumber that I went out to select it myself, because they say lumber today isn't what it was. And no wonder, seeing that all the best lumber was used up years ago to make fences. But shopping for lumber, I found, is difficult. They are backward about taking down goods and showing it. The builder told me I'd better leave it to him because they might poke off lumber on me that would shrink or fade the first time it was washed. So I did.

When I got home ma was trying to cut out some gingham by one of my blueprints. She thought it was a dress pattern.

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles Builds a House After Her Own Design, Showing What a Bright Girl Can Do When She Has Full Swing.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"Before We Go Any Further," the Foreman Says, "Is This House Going to Have Any Staircase?"

III.

Here's why a house sometimes seems to baffle completion. The owner has to tear it down all the time it is building up.

Our house is now in the platform stage—before they begin piling on the skeleton. My, but it looks small—about as much floor space as on a dray. "Is it all here?" I asked the main carpenter. "Looks as if you were building a model." But he jerked out a foot rule and showed me that it was all present and voting. "The first floor always looks small before their is anything on top of it," he explained. But that wasn't all.

"Before we go any further," the foreman says, "is this house going to have any staircase?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, surprised.

"How do you get from this floor to the next one?" he said.

"You go up the steps," I answered, real snippy.

"Show me them steps on this plan," the foreman says.

But there weren't any on the plan. I hadn't put them in. "That is for the builder to look out for," I said. "Any builder would know the house needed stairs." I then showed him where I wanted them.

And then he showed me where they would come up into the middle of the bath room; or, if anywhere else inside, into some other room.

The carpenters are loafing for a week while I am trying to put that staircase into the plans where they won't have to go up the outside like a porchclimber.

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles Builds a House After Her Own Design, Showing What a Bright Girl Can Do When She Has Full Swing.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

Another Little Thing I Had Not Counted On—The Chimney Was Going to Be Right in Front of a Window!

IV.

They are merrily driving nails at my house again but it is like driving nails in my coffin, because my beautiful plan is all butchered up to make room for that staircase I'd failed to provide. I had to cut out a room upstairs and switch things around generally.

As the building goes along all kinds of diabolical errors leap out at me from ambush. I found I had closets where the beds would blockade them. The stairs have barely enough head room, and a very tall man had better not buy the house from us unless he wants to go up to the second floor on his hands and knees. The kitchen is on the wrong side of the house for convenience, but it has to stay there because all the studding is up and the plumbing already roughed in. Another little thing I had not counted on—the chimney was going to be right in front of the window. I found the brick mason singing at his work, not caring a rap, because he had the blue print to guide him. That the framework didn't gee with the chimney made no difference to him. He had bid on the chimney as planned, and if I had changed windows I should have told him I didn't want the chimney there. All I could do now was to have the window closed up, which is going to leave the room rather dismal at midday.

The folks at home aren't saying much. They know the house is running away from me with the bit in its mouth, but they don't josh me about it. They are worrying whether I will have to be sent to a sanitarium.

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles Builds a House After Her Own Design, Showing What a Bright Girl Can Do When She Has Full Swing.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"What Style of Architecture Is That—Coptic or Igorrote?"

V.

Just at present a look into our home at the family around the evening lamp reminds you of a called meeting of bank directors just before the bank is going to fail.

We are trying to figure out whether we can pay for our new house without mortgaging the furniture in our old. The new place is nearly ready and we have already been congratulated in the local paper on our "palatial dwelling on Chow Chow street, which will be soon ready for occupancy by the owner, Mr. Briney Dillpickles, the well-known iron molder, and his interesting and popular family." Outwardly we may be cheerful and the envy of all, but in our bosoms we know it is going to be half rations until we make up for the "extras" on the house. The extras are the things you didn't think of before the builder set his price. They are bunched under the head of "Addenda" on the specifications. While the shack was building I put on enough Addenda to have made a palace on the Rhine eligible for an apartment house. Most of them were suggested by the sub-contractors— the cement worker, the mason, the plasterer, the tile man, the hardware man, the electrician, the painter and the plumber. And the house needed them too, because somehow I hadn't thought of everything when I was drawing the plans. After which I also had to have a fence built and a lawn made.

I came near being flattered about the house, though. A wealthy looking gentleman in an automobile stopped and stared at the house hard as can be. Seeing me come out he politely asked, "Pardon my curiosity, Miss, but who is the architect of that structure?" Of course I was too modest to say the design was all my own, and said that the drawings had been given us by a friend. "Well," he said, "what I wanted to know is, what style of architecture is that—Coptic or Igorrote?"

I always thought it was some style of architecture but I hadn't guessed either of those two. Odd, isn't it?

(Continued.)

From Diana's Diary

Miss Dillpickles Builds a House After Her Own Design, Showing What a Bright Girl Can Do When She Has Full Swing.

BY FRED SCHAEFER.

"Hey, Pa exclaimed, "Call this a high basement? Think I'm a Mole?"

VI.

Stung again! Now that the house I designed is finished, we are not going to live in it!

Pa Dillpickles led the revolt. I thought all along that pa was with me. He did the least interfering with the plans and never even went out to look at the building. "Let the girl has full swing," he said. But now that our lovely dwelling is finished he laid off from his work in the foundry and went out. On the way to it he babbled of the elegant basement I'd promised him, where he could do his puttering around of evenings. "I don't care what the upstairs is," he said, "but a basement where I can smoke my pipe and make mission furniture on rainy nights is what makes a hit with me. I'm going to have a work bench down there."

But he isn't. Not in this basement. I began to remember I hadn't paid much attention to that part of the plans. I wasn't sure whether it was more than 5 feet high. When we got there pa dove down into it, and I could hear him grunting in there. Pretty soon he reappeared with a bump on his head. "Hey," pa exclaimed. "Call this a high basement? Why, I can't stand up in it! Take me for a mole?"

That's why we are not going to use the house. Pa says we must sell it to somebody, dwarfs preferred.

"Well, at any rate, pa," I said when I'd finished weeping over it, 'that will give me a chance to design you another house."

"You'll never get the chance," snapped pa.

THE END.